Ran fearefully among the trembling Reedes.
And hid his criſpe-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-ſtained with theſe valiant combatants,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble *Mortimer*,
Receiue ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be ſlandered with reuolt.
King. Thou doſt bely him, *Percy*, thou doſt bely him,
He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*,
I tell thee, he durſt as well haue met the Diuell alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not aſham'd? but ſirra, henceforth
Let mee not heare you ſpeake of *Mortimer*,
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt meanes,
Or you ſhall heare in ſuch a kinde from mee,
As will diſpleaſe you. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your ſonne:
Send vs your priſoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*
Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them,
I will not ſend them: I will after ſtraight
And tell him ſo, for I will eaſe my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.
Nor. What? drunk with coller? ſtay and pauſe a while
Here comes your Vncle.
Hot. Speake of *Mortimer*?
Zounds I will ſpeake of him, and let my ſoule
Want mercy if I doe not ioyne with him:
Yea on his part, ile empty all thoſe veines,
And ſhead my deare blood, drop by drop, i'th duſt,
But I will lift the downe-trod *Mortimer*,
As high in 'th ayre as this vnthankfull King,
As this ingrate and cancred *Bullingbrooke*.
Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad.
Wor. Who ſtrooke this heat vp after I was gone?
Hot. He will forſooth haue all my priſoners,
And when I vrg'd the ranſome once againe
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And

And on my face hee turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer*.
Wor. I cannot blame him, was not hee pro
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of bloud?
Nor. Hee was; I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the vnhappy King
(Whoſe wrongs in vs God pardon) did
Vpon his *Iriſh* expedition;
From whence hee intercepted, did returne
To bee depos'd and ſhortly murdered.
Wor. And for whoſe death, wee in the worl
Liue ſcandaliz'd and fouly ſpoken off.
Hot. But ſoft I pray you, did King *Richa*
Proclaime my brother *Mortimer*,
Heire to the Crowne?
Nor. Hee did, my ſelfe did heare it.
Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his couſin Ki
That wiſht him on the barren mountaines ſta
But ſhall it bee, that you that ſet the Crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his ſake weare the deteſted blot
Of murtherous ſubornation? ſhall it bee
That you a world of curſes vndergoe,
Being the agents, or baſe ſecond meanes,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range vnder this ſubtile King.
Shall it for ſhame bee ſpoken in theſe daies,
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and power
Did gage them both in an vniuſt behalfe,
(As both of you, God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe *Richard* that ſweet louely Roſ
And plant this thorne, this canker *Bullingbr*
And ſhall it in more ſhame bee further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhooke
By him, from whom theſe ſhames ye vnder-